

Children's Department.

COLORED GLASSES.

"Oh, dear! I do not see why it is," exclaimed Grace.

"And when you are always so ready in every good work," answered her mother.

"What is the matter?" questioned Aunt Mary.

"So many slight me of late, and are so cool when I meet them."

"Are you sure, dear, that you do not see them through colored glasses?"

"Why, what do you mean, Aunt?"

"Just this. Take a piece of colored glass and look through it, and see how everything has the shade of the glass. Are you not inclined to look on the dark side of things? You imagine people are cool to you because look through gloomy glasses. They may be preoccupied, or your gloominess repels them. Try a change. Look on the bright side and meet people with a smile and cheery greeting, and see if your colored glasses do not become clear and white."

The next morning Grace came home smiling from a trip down town.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, 'tis truly so! I met Mrs. H——, who was so cool, and when I tried your plan she stopped and shook hands, and asked if we were all well. She says they have been so anxious about her brother's illness that she has neglected her friends. I am going to keep it up, and if people do not respond cheerily I am going to think they are worried, or have the blues, and are not thinking of me."

"Well, well," exclaimed her mother; "behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth. Here I have been fighting your battles in the church when there were really none to fight. I thought people slighted you. Mary has given us a lesson."

"Yes, 'tis a remedy I never knew to fail," said Aunt Mary.

If you get the blues, go and do some kind act and they will disappear.

"This world is not so bad a world

As some would like to make it;

But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."

"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

—Herald and Presbyter.

IF I WERE A GIRL.

I would take care of my health by living out-doors as much as possible, and taking long walks in the sunshine. English girls understand how necessary this is for good complexions and cheerful spirits. Wear simple clothing, that you may climb mountains and breathe freely.

I would secure the best education. Go to college, by all means, if it is possible. Read good books, and thereby become intelligent.

I would cultivate cheerfulness. Discontent soon shows itself in the face. If you have some disappointments, so do others. If you are cramped for money, be thankful that your lot is no worse than it is. Learn to make the best of things. An unhappy woman is a perpetual cloud in a home. A fretful girl has few friends, and the number lessens year by year.

I would say kind things of others especially of the girls. A girl who makes unkind remarks about other girls would better be avoided by young men. She will not make an agreeable companion for life.

I would learn how to be self-supporting. Especially in this country where fortunes change, it is wise for a woman to be able to take care of herself. Helpless women are not a comfort to others, and usually are not to themselves.

I would try to be polite every where. True courtesy is more winsome than a pretty face or fine dress. Loud talk or loud dress does not betoken the lady. Be appreciative and sympathetic and you have two keys which will unlock almost all hearts.

I would learn self-control. To know when to speak and when to be silent; to have hateful things said about you and be able to answer pleasantly; to have people confide in you, and be wise enough to keep it locked in your heart; to be in poverty and not be soured by it; to meet temptation and be strong before it; to be strong enough to perform any labor or duty which needs to be done—all this shows a noble mastery over self.

I would be punctual. Being late at meals, late at church, or late in meeting engagements, makes unnecessary friction in families. If we are willing

to lose valuable time, we have no right to make others lose it.

The Golden Rule, of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us is especially applicable here. —Mrs. Jenness Miller, in *Exchange*.

A LOVELY MAMMA.

"Won't you come and see my mamma? I's got a lovely mamma!"

The speaker was a fair little maiden, and the lady so charmingly invited was her new Sabbath school teacher, whom she had just overtaken on the street.

"A lovely mamma!" the thought lingered.

We had never seen the mamma so sweetly praised; we did not know whether or not she would seem beautiful in the eyes of strangers; but we did know that she was gentle and ladylike in manner; that she wore pretty house-dresses and dainty ruffles and laces, and sometimes a flower in her hair; that she had a never failing supply of sweet old stories and quaint old nursery songs, and had a gift of dressing dollies and tying sashes and shoulder knots.

We were certain that she had a merry, tender way of coaxing the tangles out of flaxen ringlet, and of kissing the hurt out of bruised little fingers; and because of all this, she reigned the undisputed queen of her child's loving heart.

Happy and blessed are the children who can say, "I've got a lovely mamma!"—*Selected*.

Be sure that all you say is true. There is nothing more important than to speak the truth. If you do so people will trust you. I am sure every boy and girl would like to be trusted. It is very sad to see a man or woman who is not believed. Friends say of them, "O, they do not always speak the truth. You cannot rely on their word."

If we want to be like Jesus we must be truthful.—*Selected*.

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.—E. B. Browning.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.—Michelet.